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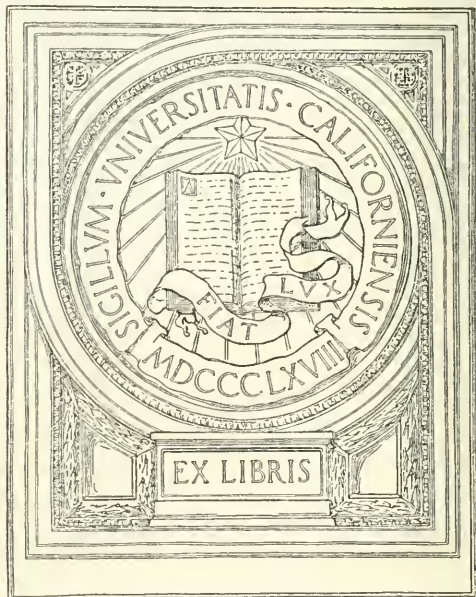


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Principal Works of
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ROBERT ERNEST COWAN



he Principal Works of .
George Meredith . . .
A Brief Bibliography .
By Wm. Dallam Ames



President Kellogg,

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This list was compiled in connection with a study of Mr. Meredith's novels made for a public lecture at the University of California. It was published in the Monthly Bulletin of the Oakland Free Library with the hope that it might increase in some degree—however slight—the reading of the works of one who is tardily becoming recognized as the foremost living English novelist. With the same hope it is now reprinted for presentation to friends. As a bibliography it is professedly incomplete, "but it can innocently instruct those who are more ignorant than itself."

Those wishing to consult a fuller bibliography will find one by Mr. John Lane appended to Mr. Le Gallienne's *George Meredith, Some Characteristics*.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, are the authorized publishers in this country of most of Mr. Meredith's novels and poems.

W. D. A.

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1828. BORN IN HAMPSHIRE, FEB. 12TH.

1851 [Æt. 23]. POEMS.

This, we understand, is his first appearance in print ; if it be so, there is very high promise in the unambitious little volume which he has sent forth as his first-fruits. It is something, to have written already some of the most delicious little love-poems which we have seen born in England in the last few years, reminding us by their richness and quaintness of tone of Herrick; yet with a depth of thought and feeling which Herrick never reached. Health and sweetness are two qualities which run all through these poems.

—*Fraser's Mag.*, Dec., 1851 (44:629).

1856 [28]. THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT. AN ARABIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

A delightful volume of well-sustained Oriental extravagance.

—[GEORGE ELIOT,] *Westm. Rev.*, Oct., 1857. (N. S. 12:597).

In a measure an imitation of the Arabian Nights, half burlesque and half serious; with a moral concerning illusions in life and government, tucked away in the end of the story.

—G. P. LATHROP, *Atl. Mo.*, Feb., 1888 (61:179).

There is surely no modern book so unsullied as this by the modern spirit, none in which the desire to teach a lesson, to refer knowingly to the topics of the day, or worst of all, to be incontinently funny, interferes less with the tender magic of Oriental fancy, or with the child-like, earnest faith in what is utterly outside the limits of experience.

—EDMUND GOSSE, *Gossip in a Library*, 328.

1857 [29]. FARINA: A LEGEND OF COLOGNE.

Unworthy of notice.—G. P. LATHROP, *Atl. Mo.*, Feb., 1888 (61:179).

Making every allowance for comedy or caricature, the mediæval life is marvellously vivid. . . Extravagant as the story is, and as it is meant to be, it is nevertheless a spirited and natural piece of writing.

—*Ed. Rev.*, Jan., 1895 (181:38).

As a whole, we think "Farina" lacks completeness, and the ghostly element is not well worked in. . . Nor can we admire many passages, in which the Author has sacrificed euphony, and almost sense, to novelty and force of expression. With these blemishes, "Farina" is both an original and an entertaining book, and will be read with pleasure by all who prefer a lively, spirited story to those dull analyses of dull experiences in which the present school of fiction abounds.

—[GEORGE ELIOT,] *Westm. Rev.*, Oct., 1857 (N. S. 12:599).

1859 [31]. THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL. A HISTORY OF FATHER AND SON.

The greatest novel of this generation.

—J. M. BARRIE, *Cont. Rev.*, Oct., 1888 (54:577).

The book is very clever, with a fresh, vigorous vitality in the style; but it is *not* true to real life or human nature; only true to an abstract and entirely arbitrary idea.

—*Athenæum*, July 9, 1859, 48.

Charged to the brim with earnestness, wit, strength of conception. . . . It seems to me that the heart which is not touched, and the eyes that do not become moist, in the reading of the last portions of Richard Feverel must be indurated with a glaze of indifference which is not to be envied.—G. P. LATHROP, *All. Mo.*, Feb., 1888 (61:180).

If *The Egoist* is . . . the book which of all Mr. Meredith's books commands wonder, Richard Feverel is that which wins our love. . . . It is no injustice to his other books to say that Richard Feverel is fuller of fine things than any one of them, brilliant as each is. And, of course, the greatest thing in it is the matchless lyric of the early love of Richard and Lucy.

—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, *George Meredith, Some Characteristics*, 34.

That famous scene where Richard Feverel and Lucy Desborough meet to fall in love . . . one might feel disposed to designate the most exquisite in English fiction, but for that other, no less famous and no less exquisite . . . where the two sit by the border of the lake and listen to love's piping and the cry of the night-jar.

—*Temple Bar*, Apr., 1893 (7:597).

The story, with all its beauty, tenderness, and boldness, leaves a melancholy, and what is perhaps worse, an unsatisfactory impression behind it. . . . A novelist is free to write a book with a purpose if he likes, but having done so, he must submit to be judged according to the nature of his purpose and the clearness with which he has developed it. In this respect we read "Richard Feverel" fascinated, we lay it down dissatisfied. . . . But as a mere novel of character, it would not be easy to speak too highly of the talents which it indicates.

—[JUSTIN MCCARTHY,] *Westm. Rev.*, July, 1864 (26:31).

1861 [33]. EVAN HARRINGTON.

A spirited novel, illustrative of the distinctions of rank in English society, and remarkable for the vivacity of its narrative and the dramatic raciness of its dialogue.

—*Harper's Mag.*, Jan., 1861 (22:260).

A surprisingly good novel. . . . Has the great merit of increasing as it goes on in interest. . . . Mr. Meredith has got a new plot,



[EVAN HARRINGTON.]

and a good hero and heroine, who are, as it were, part of the plot. . . . And he has also got a prominent character to help the plot on, and to put the hero and heroine in and out of their troubles; and this prominent character is so well drawn as to raise Mr. Meredith to a very considerable height in the list of novel writers.

—*Sat. Rev.*, Jan. 19, 1861 (11:77).

1862 [34]. MODERN LOVE AND POEMS OF THE ENGLISH
ROADSIDE, WITH POEMS AND BALLADS.

The Poems of the English Roadside seem to me his most original work, and of them "Juggling Jerry" is the best.

—E. C. STEDMAN, *Victorian Poets*, 271.

In Mr. George Meredith's poems there is a freshness and vigour not often met with at the present day. Moreover there is no trace in them of imitation of any of our popular poets. Their faults are frequent roughness and occasional obscurity. . . . The manner in which Mr. Meredith treats his subjects convinces us that he has real poetical talents.

—*Westm. Rev.*, July, 1862 (22:284).

A work of such subtle strength, such depth of delicate power, such passionate and various beauty, as the leading poem of Mr. Meredith's volume: in some points, as it seems to me (and in this opinion I know that I have weightier judgments than my own to back me) a poem above the aim and beyond the reach of any but its author. . . . A more perfect piece of writing [than the forty-seventh section] no man alive has ever turned out.—A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Spectator*, June 7, 1862.

Modern Love . . . stands alone, not merely in Mr. Meredith's work, but in all antecedent literature. It is altogether a new thing; we venture to call it the most "modern" poem we have.

—[ARTHUR SYMONS,] *Westm. Rev.*, Sept., 1887. (128:696).

Modern Love is Mr. Meredith's one great poem of tragic life. It is, moreover, Mr. Meredith's one great achievement in poetic art. . . . It is not impossible that after all this wrangling about Mr. Meredith's novels, posterity, in its quiet way, will go up to the shelf and lay its hand on "Modern Love."

—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, *George Meredith, Some Characteristics*, 109, 152.

Mr. Le Gallienne seems inclined to place the title-poem at the very head of Mr. Meredith's work, above even the novels. He is in good company, for that, too, was Mr. Browning's opinion.

—ARTHUR SYMONS, *Acad.*, Jan. 24, 1891 (38:81).

Truly a great poem. It is a leaf torn out of the book of life, and dripping with life's red reality. . . . Those who look upon verse as an elegant recreation may be warned off at once. To read Modern

[MODERN LOVE.]

Love is not exactly to "follow the delightful Muse;" the theme is painful, not delightful at all; but it is the mysterious province of tragic art to distil from moral pain æsthetic pleasure; and Mr. Meredith's art, as a poet, is above all else tragic.

—WM. WATSON, *Excursions in Criticism*, 138.

The subject of this tragedy in fifty brief scenes [Modern Love], largely imagined and forcibly compressed, is the story of the wedded misery of two persons, whose natures were finely-strung instruments for fate to play upon. The sentimentality of the feminine mind, that feeds on illusions and fears development as it fears death; the man's intellect that cannot trust nature, but will question and analyze; both of them recalcitrant against change, are the motives of this sub-dramatic study. The sonnets are so subtle and charged with secondary and often vague meanings, which are rather the stimulus to thought than its articulate expression, that a precise interpretation is hardly to be attempted.

—E. CAVAZZA, Foreword to Mosher's reprint of *Modern Love*, V.

1864 [36]. EMILIA IN ENGLAND. (SANDRA BELLONI.)

Though full of interest as a story, "Emilia in England" is essentially analytic in its treatment, and will be adequately relished only by those to whose capacity of thought it so strongly appeals.

—*Westm. Rev.*, July, 1864 (26:254).

The character of Emilia herself is a fine study of the nature and development of the true artist. . . We have seldom met in fiction with a character which we have felt to be so fascinating.

—*Athenæum*, Apr. 30, 1864, 609.

It is not an amusing, we can hardly even call it an agreeable story. There is something melancholy and occasionally harsh about its prevailing tone. Though it closes hopefully, its general effect is rather disheartening. . . Its supreme merit consists in the fact that it has added to fiction one thoroughly original and perfectly natural human character. . . We remember no character in modern literature that so faithfully pictures the nature which is filled with a genius for music. . . The character of Emilia is to us the first completely satisfactory evidence that Mr. Meredith really has in him the essential qualities of a great novelist.

—[JUSTIN MCCARTHY,] *Westm. Rev.*, July, 1864 (26:34).

1865 [37]. RHODA FLEMING. A STORY.

A novel that must always hold a foremost place with the lovers of Mr. Meredith's works.

—*Temple Bar*, April, 1893 (97:594).

Mr. Stevenson, with the audacity of a generous spirit chafing at the comparative neglect which has been the lot of his master, calls

[RHODA FLEMING.]

"Rhoda Fleming," "the strongest thing in English letters since Shakspeare died."
—J. M. BARRIE, *Cont. Rev.*, Oct., 1888 (54:586).

For those whose care is for real literature, and such literary essentials as character largely seen and largely presented, and as passion deeply felt and poignantly expressed, there is—if any there be to whom "Rhoda Fleming" is unknown—such a feast in "Rhoda Fleming" as no other novelist of the day has spread. The book, it is true, is full of failures. . . But when all these are removed . . . a treasure of reality remains.
—[W. E. HENLEY], *Athenæum*, July 31, 1886, 137.

1866 [38]. VITTORIA (A sequel to Sandra Belloni).

Vittoria is doubtless his one great achievement in the objective dramatic. What professed historian could have given us such a picture of that great Austro-Italian struggle?

—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, *George Meredith, Some Characteristics*, 43.

He has shown as much power of thought and style as would fit out a dozen writers of sensation novels. There is scarcely a page in which there is not evidence of originality, and, what is much rarer, of conscientious labour, often skilfully applied. . . Yet, with all these merits, . . . Mr. Meredith's novel has the unmistakable fault of being hard to read.

—*Sat. Rev.*, Feb. 2, 1867 (23:149).

The whole drama of the Italian rising in 1848. . . The seething and surging of the revolutionary movement are well caught; but the reader is lost in the maze of events, and confused by the movements hither and thither of the excited actors. . . But then, by way of compensation, each episode has its own interest, and the most insignificant personage has the stamp of being a genuine human being, and not a lay figure.

—*Athenæum*, Feb. 23, 1867, 248.

1871 [43]. THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND.

One of the most charming of Mr. Meredith's novels, the one written apparently with the greatest ease and directness, . . . a story of adventure pure and simple, no less than of character

—*Temple Bar*, April, 1893 (97:592).

All the earlier part of the book . . . is fascinating beyond description. . . The story breaks down utterly in the middle. Continual hammering on one line of effect dulls the edge. The length of the narrative, too, the multitude of persons introduced, and their all but endless involvements tax the attention beyond endurance.

—G. P. LATHROP, *Atl. Mo.*, Feb., 1888 (61:187).

To me Harry Richmond's father is Mr. Meredith's most brilliant creation. . . The most tenderly pathetic scene in fiction is probably

[HARRY RICHMOND.]

Colonel Newcome's death, but the most impressive is the death of Roy Richmond. Tragedy rings down the curtain. . . . We are as far as ever from a definition of genius, a word not to be lightly used, but there are unmistakable instances of it, and I cannot think that Roy Richmond is not one of them.

—J. M. BARRIE, *Cont. Rev.*, Oct., 1888 (54:583).

1876 [48]. BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.

One of Meredith's best productions; and the central personage is one of the inconsequent, erratic kind, although he believes that he has a fixed purpose, and tries to serve it. . . . Anything more engaging than the impetuous generosity and bravery of Beauchamp it would be hard to imagine.

—G. P. LATHROP, *Atl. Mo.*, Feb., 1888 (61:189)

"Beauchamp's Career" in some respects we should feel disposed to rank even higher than "Richard Feverel." It contains, indeed, no single passages of such consummate beauty, no such sweep of passion and pathos as we find in the incomparable scenes that close the earlier romance; but there is on the whole less of that fantastic nomenclature, that touch of caricature that seem to us to mar some of Mr. Meredith's finest work; the range of life and scene is wider; we feel more distant horizons and larger issues.

—*Temple Bar*, April, 1893 (97:602).

1877 [49]. THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH. (Published in *The New Quarterly Magazine* for January; reprinted in *The Tale of Chloe, and Other Stories*, 1895.)

A caprice of feminine emotion more incredible than is to be found in any other of his books.

—G. S. STREET, *The Yellow Book*, 5:176.

1877 [49]. ON THE IDEA OF COMEDY, AND OF THE USES OF THE COMIC SPIRIT. (Published in *The New Quarterly Magazine* for April; reprinted in book form in 1897.)

As we understand Mr. Meredith, he intended to insist that the capacity for "thoughtful laughter" as distinguished from broad laughter, and still more from vacuous laughter, is one of the most unerring as well as subtle tests of civilization; and if our reading is true, we can most cordially agree with him.

—*The Spectator*, Feb. 10, 1877 (50:179).

(See also under 1897.)

1877 [49]. THE CASE OF GENERAL OPLE AND LADY CAMPER. (Published in *The New Quarterly Magazine* for July; reprinted in *The Tale of Chloe, and Other Stories*, 1895.)

As artistic and as abundantly laughable farce as was ever made, until you reach the end, which to me is inexplicable.

—G. S. STREET, *The Yellow Book*, 5:179.

1879 [51]. THE EGOIST: A COMEDY IN NARRATIVE.

Here is a book to send the blood into men's faces. . . It is yourself that is hunted down; these are your own faults that are dragged into the day and numbered, with lingering relish, with cruel cunning and precision.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, *Books Which Have Influenced Me*, 13.

A psychological study so minute, witty, and yet kindly, is not to be got in the pages of any other novelist. Never before in comedy was there such a dissection of a heart.

—J. M. BARRIE, *Cont. Rev.*, Oct., 1888 (54:581).

Meredith's worst novel: an inflated, obese, elephantine comedy, which is not comic. . . Meredith's treatment of [the] theme is not only unutterably fatiguing, but also becomes revolting.

—G. P. LATHROP, *Atl. Mo.*, Feb., 1888 (61:189).

There is nothing to be done but to like it or leave it, sit up with it through the small hours, or doze over it at noonday. There is no middle course. If it is not predestined for one, one can no more live through a chapter than write it; if it is—well, we break our hearts in trying to write about it.

—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, *George Meredith, Some Characteristics*, 13.

In the *Egoist* Mr. Meredith is even more artificial and affected than is his wont; he bristles with allusions, he teems with hints and side-hits and false alarms, he glitters with phrases, he riots in intellectual points and philosophical fancies. . . Sir Willoughby Patterne is a "document on humanity" of the highest value; and to him that would know of egoism and the egoist the study of Sir Willoughby is indispensable. There is something in him of us all.

—W. E. HENLEY, *Views and Reviews*, 53.

That extraordinary work of subtle analysis without an incident to speak of from beginning to end. . . A profound moral; . . a profound philosophy may be the ground-work and crown of that singularly powerful piece of workmanship; . . but it is in the admirable conduct of the story, the development of the characters, the gradual

[THE EGOIST]

ensnaring of the Egoist in his own conceits, until he is left stripped at last of all pretensions, . . . that the capital merit of that masterpiece of psychology lies.

—*Temple Bar*, April, 1893 (97:592, 603).

1879 [51]. THE TALE OF CHLOE: AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF BEAU BEAMISH. (Published in *The New Quarterly Magazine* for July; reprinted in *The Tale of Chloe, and Other Stories*, 1895.)

Tragically cynical. . . Perhaps a little too heartrending for its length. . . Still . . . such as only one living English novelist except Mr. Meredith could have written.

—GEO. SAINTSBURY, *Academy*, Mch. 23, 1895 (47:253).

The most perfect in form of Mr. Meredith's works of fiction, except Richard Feverel. . . [The] delicacy of the setting assists the exquisite pathos of the central figure, surely one of the noblest in tragic story.

—G. S. STREET, *The Yellow Book*, 5:182.

1880 [52]. THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS. A STUDY IN A WELL-KNOWN STORY.

A study in oblique narration; he has turned the first person of his original ["*Meine Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Lassalle*," by Helene von Racowitza] into the third and added his own comments. . . Readers who are ignorant of the original will do well to read Mr. Meredith's adaptation, which is as stimulating in style, and at least as lucid in arrangement, as anything else he has given to the world.

—*Athenæum*, Jan. 8, 1881, 49.

In some ways, a literary mistake. . . The lady herself has told her own story. . . Mr. Meredith's analysis hardly tells us anything that was not known before, and it sadly lacks the flesh and blood which might animate the logical skeleton.

—W. L. COURTNEY, *Fort. Rev.*, June, 1886 (45:775).

1883 [55]. POEMS AND LYRICS OF THE JOY OF EARTH.

His lyrics Of the Joy of Earth . . . have a purpose that reveals itself to one willing to ponder on their often involved, always thought-hoarding lines. He is, with a difference, the Emerson of English poets.

—E. C. STEDMAN, *Victorian Poets*, 447.

In every way these poems are worthy of the author of the *Egoist* and the *Tragic Comedians*—that is to say, they give the same impression of cold brilliancy, of epigram and antithesis, and absence of native simplicity and warmth. . . On the other hand, nothing but praise should be accorded to the beautiful pastoral *Love in the Valley*, with its racy, exhilarating metre.

—W. L. COURTNEY, *Fort. Rev.*, Nov., 1883 (40:718).

1885⁹ [57]. DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS. A NOVEL.

With the one exception of Richard Feverel, Diana of the Crossways contains Mr. Meredith's most clever and successful work.

—W. L. COURTNEY, *Fort. Rev.*, June, 1886 (45:776).

His way of telling the story is, in the main, as excellent as he knows how to fashion it,—direct, dramatic, vivacious. . . Diana of the Crossways bubbles, sparkles, effervesces with the customary Meredithian scintillating foam; and it is more direct and conversational than most of his novels.

—G. P. LATHROP, *Atl. Mo.*, Feb., 1888 (61:190).

To construct a character that would fit the known facts; to construct a woman dazzling by the brilliancy of her personality, and liable by the very force of the qualities which raised her above the crowd to commit indiscretions unpardonable by the world, was a congenial exercise to his inventive faculty, and the result is a singularly vivid conception worked out with great literary power. . . Amongst all his literary and intellectual feats, Mr. Meredith has perhaps never accomplished one more striking than in making us feel that his Diana justified her reputation.

—[COSMO MONKHOUSE], *Sat. Rev.*, Mch. 21, 1885 (59:389).

1887 [59]. BALLADS AND POEMS OF TRAGIC LIFE.

Mr. Meredith's verse has all the merits and defects of his prose. At his hardest and knottiest, as at his loftiest and most luminous, he is unmistakably a man of genius.

—[W. E. HENLEY], *Sat. Rev.*, June 11, 1887 (63:851).

He will rhyme you off a ballad, and to break the secret of that ballad you have to take to yourself a dark lantern and a case of jemmies. I like him best in *The Nuptials of Attila*. . . Here he is successfully himself, and what more is there to say?

—W. E. HENLEY, *Views and Reviews*, 54.

1888 [60]. A READING OF EARTH.

Mr. Meredith had a happy thought when he chose as a title for one of his volumes, "A Reading of Earth," for earth has had few more fervidly studious readers than he. Indeed, it may be said that outside a few memorable passages of Browning, we have little if any verse in which the life of the poet becomes so utterly identified with the life of the world.

—JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE, *Miles' Poets and Poetry of the Century*, 5:367.



1891 [63]. ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS.

If it is not *Sturm und Drang*, it is spasm and gasp. Here Mr. Meredith has surpassed himself in his peculiar manner, and no more need be said.
—*Ed. Rev.*, Jan., 1895 (181:54).

Nesta . . is an exquisite creation, fit to rank beside Lucy Feverel and Clara Middleton. . . There is only one man alive in England who could have written that passage [in which Dartrey Fenellan reveals his love to Nesta], and he is Mr. Meredith. Its subtlety and strength are alike astounding, and it reveals him at his very best. . . To say that the book is by Mr. Meredith is to say that it is full to the brim of brilliant things.
—*Athenæum*, May 2, 1891, 561.

The book grows upon the reader, the apparent confusion disappears, the intricacies of design become intelligible, and the whole greatness of design is evident. . . Mr. Meredith has drawn more portraits and characters of true women than any other Englishman, but Shakspeare and Browning; Nesta is, it may be thought, the truest of them all. —LIONEL JOHNSON, *Academy*, June 13, 1891 (39:555).

1892 [64]. MODERN LOVE: A REPRINT, TO WHICH IS
ADDED THE SAGE ENAMOURED AND THE HONEST
LADY.

[See under 1862.]

I cannot but believe that *The Sage Enamoured and the Honest Lady* will not stand the test of time so well as the equally subtle and infinitely more vivid, dramatic and moving verse of *Modern Love*.

—WM WATSON, *Excursions in Criticism*, 137

1892 [64]. THE EMPTY PURSE, WITH ODES TO THE
COMIC SPIRIT, TO YOUTH, ON MEMORY, AND
VERSES.

1892 [64]. JUMP TO GLORY JANE.

A good piece of work, and a not incomprehensible one. . . If it be a satire at all, which must be left to the perception of the reader, the poem is also, as Meredith calls it, "one of the pictures of our England." . . One object was to give a sly *reductio ad absurdum* to the doctrine which Kingsley set such store by: the connection between physical health and religious feeling.

—HARRY QUILTER, Introduction to his edition, 23.

1894 [66] LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA.

Not one of Mr. Meredith's books is more characteristic in tone, intention, spirit, theme; none less so in the execution. For strength of

[LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA.]

thought, for imaginative vision, for intensity of purpose and appeal, it has all the writer's most distinctive excellences; but there is a reticence or restraint of manner which will make the story a favourite with some readers, something of a surprise and disappointment to others.

—LIONEL JOHNSON, *Academy*, July 7, 1894 (46:3).

We have found as little meaning, and certainly less of moral, in Mr. Meredith's last novel. The style is exceptionally involved, and the purpose is phenomenally obscure. As in "One of Our Conquerors," the main interest of the plot turns upon the false position of an unacknowledged wife. But in the former novel vice was visited by retribution; in "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" the sinners not only escape with impunity, but have coals of fire heaped upon their heads.

—*Ed. Rev.*, Jan., 1895 (181:56).

1895 [67]. THE TALE OF CHLOE, AND OTHER STORIES.

Mr. Meredith's various veins (with the exception, perhaps, of his fantastic-poetical one, in which some like him best) appear here very well in miniature.—GEORGE SAINTSBURY, *Acad.*, Mch. 23, 1895 (47:253).

The Tale of Chloe, and Other Stories gives you Mr. Meredith in little. In The House on the Beach you have him, as it were, in his bones. In The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper you have him alive and imperfect. In The Tale of Chloe you have him consummate.

—G. S. STREET, *The Yellow Book*, 5:175.

1895 [67]. THE AMAZING MARRIAGE.

There is only one man living who could criticise it adequately, and he, as it happens, wrote it. . . . A fresh and most welcome contribution to that great Handbook of Humanity which is Mr. Meredith's supremely valuable gift to the literature of the world.

—W. E. GARRETT FISHER, *Acad.*, Jan. 19, 1896 (49:27).

"The Amazing Marriage" is not as hard reading as some of its predecessors have been, but is harder than most of us like to undertake for pleasure. . . . Considered simply as a story, the book has but a slender equipment.

—WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE, *The Dial*, Feb. 1, 1896 (20:77).

The book is good all the way through, and . . . each portion will somehow reward you. . . . In no other story has Mr. Meredith let loose more of his lyrical faculty. . . . And his narrative powers are here and there at their liveliest. . . . It reveals Mr. Meredith's sympathies more openly than almost anything else in his prose.

—*The Bookman*, 2:522-3.

1897 [69]. AN ESSAY ON COMEDY. (The lecture On the Idea of Comedy, and of the Uses of the Comic Spirit, delivered in 1877.)

Written twenty years ago, and delivered as a lecture before the London Institution. . . . An interesting distinction is made between comedy and the other powers that produce laughter: differing from satire in not driving sharply into the quivering sensibilities, from irony in not stinging under a half-caress, from humor in having a narrower scope.
—*The Dial*, April 16, 1897 (22:255).

A little work of extreme suggestiveness, and no one at all seriously interested in the subject can afford not to read it. Mr. Meredith has never written more flexibly than in this essay. . . . We do not want Mr. Meredith to divert any energy from novel-writing, and yet we wish he could find it in his power to dip more often into criticism. He does it superbly.
—*Academy*, Apr. 3, 1897 (51:371).

1897 [69]. SELECTED POEMS.

There is throughout all these poems a lack of that great simplicity which we demand in the highest verse. Passages there are of quite extraordinary beauty, of ripe observation and flowing vigour; but we are from time to time arrested by a metaphor or a thought which is baffling in the extreme. . . . But that it is the verse of a true, and, at times, a splendid poet, no one with eyes or ears can for a moment doubt.
—*Academy*, Oct. 2, 1897 (52:253).

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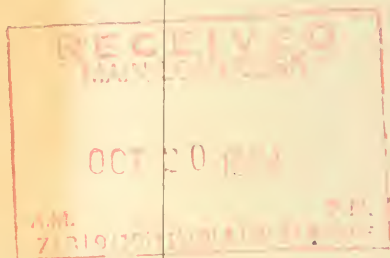
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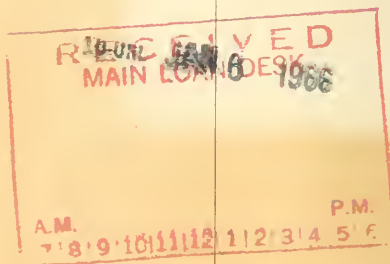
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